

If Arriving First,
Means Being Alone

Prologue, Or so.

Amba, Trudy, Rudy, Xolo and Sebe are all creations given life for the sake of witnesses and witnessing. They exist for the things that children see. Each born to a virgin, each with every man's sin.

Born on the 30th day of the 8th month, as the fourth known generation to some people. Trudy belonged first to Rudy, a believer and giver to Xolo; whose blood was that of royalty.

What unfolds here are magnificent resolutions. Perhaps, at least a performance within many.

N B MEDIA PUBLICATIONS

Cape Town, South Africa 7100

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Amba's Reconstructive Development Program (RDP)

When Death Knocks

Pause the show

toss a coin,

Amba is a child soldier

a rebel in the rough

When her

stomach is tangled in knots

Amba slides into her costume as the local murderess

Shaking fingers for ammunition.

Collecting coins and dates and kings.

I am on a quest for the best of you.

Amba, my

Diamond boy - sing to me.

Sing songs about our condition and the reasons we must change

Amba,

the emptiness we feel with every breath is in the shape of you

But, I remain contained

And you will not be there - in any group picture

covered in dust.

And you will not be there - in any group picture

covered in dust.

Wrestling with words, in the

court of public opinion

No, When death knocks
Clear a seat at the table.

2. Silence and Rage

Allowing the memory of you and I to pass is difficult. It is
unnatural,

like how getting around on all fours is unnatural.

Sebe over here wants me to play 'yo mama said' but my brother
taught me better than that.

here to do better than that

Mothers forget they're not raising their husbands
and that their sons want everything, and so daughters are let
alone.

And we are our own best friends.

Unwanted, especially in bulk.

But on our mothers, we swear:

if I die today, be sure it will be under the shadow of my son.

Our fathers are here, like always.

our daddies were always here, stationed inside their sons.

Yes, it happens when mothers' birth sons,
they swallow their fathers.

Fathers and Brothers, how are we the only children?

Mother listen to me I've met you before.

Your sons and brothers are all dead, dying, and disappearing
then absent.

I have been me before, I am sure of it. The memory is hard to
pass.

3. Concessions

Do ancestors ever stop living?

What about their decisions, are we ever to lose the limp in
our step?

what becomes of brothers and their keepers, their unseen
enemies

Enemies unknown, yet enemies fed

Our ancestors die alive, and we carry them

Tangled into each other - we
are brought up on the same advice

Wedding for prosperity,

but if enemies are unknown

And weeds are flowers too, is it worth killing a soldier for
the cause

Soldiers whose temporal lobes itch from the smoke in the air

Withering in the valley of the shadows of those dead.

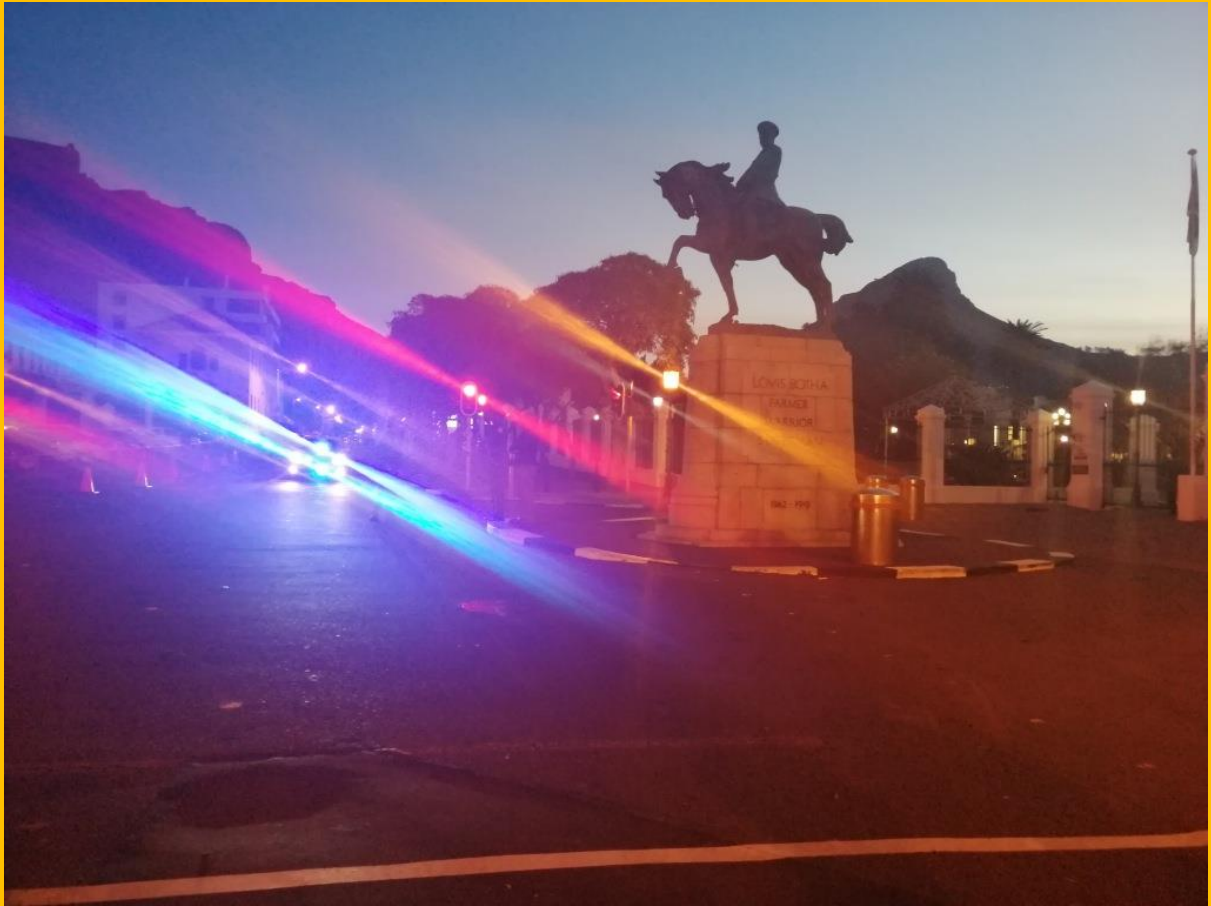
how are anointed soldiers to concede

to moments that can never be erased

moments that never pass

Nor to stars who do not fade,

We are dead alive.



SOME ANCESTORS WE CALL GHOSTS

Rudy:

The way I see it, some people are born knowing. They breathe their first breath with an understanding that is innate to their kind. Rudy is one of these people. A breed only as rare as variety. She fills three-quarters of an average doorway, and she spends most of her time waiting - a cross her kind bears for colliding with this universe.

Nonetheless, it was another evening and she was waiting again. This time for her fumbling kinfolk to understand that she no longer needs the rage.

Her shoulder hurt from colliding with his fist, something she's learnt to live with. Or at least, ignore. More pressing was the pain she felt in her chest and mind. This too was a familiar pain. But in moments like these where she'd abandoned her true nature to fight liquid ghosts haunting her brother, she thought all this pain to be unbearable. Rudy's understanding of the world became the cage that imprisoned her. If her out-of-time observations and reactions ever did anything, it was to make her bleed. This she thought as she sat in the dark alone. A child like her had to fight everything, down to the breath that burns in her lungs.

On the couch that evening, she knew the sun would rise for the next day and she would have another bruise she would have to lie about, forget about and someday come to forgive.

4. Her Daughters

the daughter she never had,
Never held, never washed
never seen.

I'm the daughter she never stopped looking for
the daughter who never grew up never turned into her mother

I'm the daughter who left.

I'm the one who broke her heart,

Stained her senses

the daughter who gave her wounds that bleed

Day in and Days gone

the daughter who stayed.

Kept breathing

born twice,

Stayed once, aching - I stay

5. Exhausted tax bracket

Long roads, city lights
A heavy heart and empty eyes
Trips back home were filled with joy
Tonight we rehearse verses like drill sergeants - step out of
line we will tongue slice you
Hope the people near do not take it person-ally
Some verses need sorting
No room to converse
Because trips back home are like facing the frontline
Buffalo soldier stand your ground and prepare for combat
We are giants here, stains here, we are landmarks here
fresh muffins, Rajah in the air
we nurture bitter emptiness, nameless faces
and gun pointing with words firing
I swear, maybe I die this time
the roads shorten when I leave

Part 2

"Denying her wounds came from the same source as her power -
from below the belt."

- NB Gwangga

Without you, there are holes in my speech
without you, I grew weary and old
Tongues do not move, nor will tears ever dry
Downright betrayed
Tell the Heavens they have broken my heart
Without you, there are holes in my chest
Come on now, let the waters in.
Let them flow
We are sleeping with pieces of our hearts in our mouths
And blood vessels hanging from our throats
Lately, we have not been all right.
I have been walking around being something of a dead man
We know the moments before a cave collapses
We have learnt about the creeks, studied the cracks
We know what the walls say before they crumble
We know the song sung by a collapsing cave
We are carrying the weight of gravity

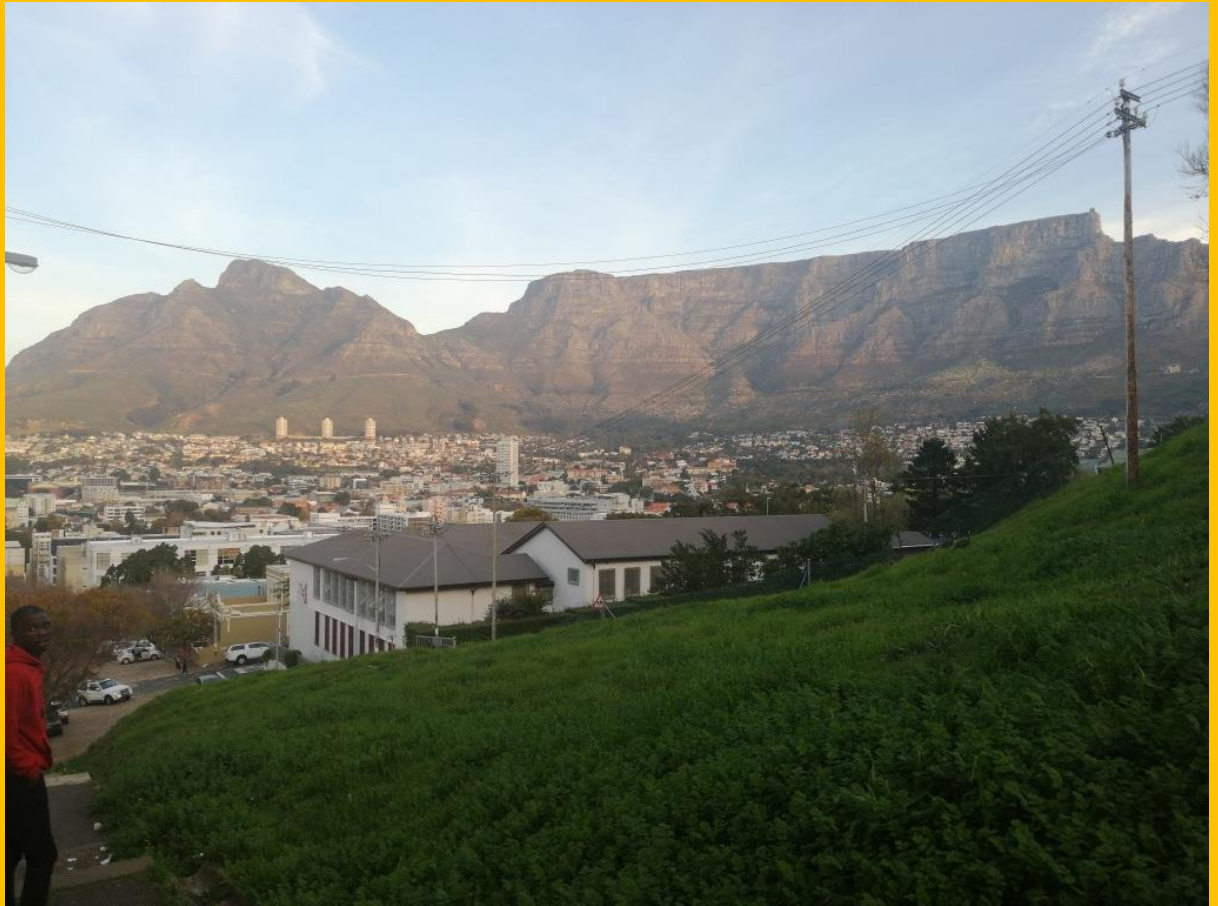
NB Gwangqa. On 'iKAMVA'.

Fast Cars

Rocks and Feet
Punch in ten thousand hours
We sing past this, skipping stones
Counting heads, vibrations keep our eyes on her body
We require proof of what is obvious
Everybody knows her funeral killed her.
Skhosana"s very own masquerade party
-birthday gifts. Casket costumes
The crystals in her hair were not a part of the prank
Dry throats, what is it like to run on fast cars?
Windows open and weeds inside
Wheels look like flowers. Upside down.
Santa came through the front door
He knocked to deliver the news
She laid on her back, butterflies took off
We packed mustard seeds
he caught a sunrise
went swimming in the desert,
Played family. She played baby
woke up to a slaughter party - it would be her very own.

14012019 - Something Green

The stuff of stardust & explosions
Inherent chest pains & observations
Today is Groundhog Day,
as it always is.
living in the solitude of meditation
or understanding and repetition
My ego hurts me - And so does yours.
We were made in defence
Nurtured in back rooms,
to dance on stages.
Today is Groundhog Day
And that train will carry us home
Nkosi si'sikelele
We're almost there:



The Other side believes in Magic



“psst, I got your message”



“How much can we bear, I ask you! Has tolerance not a limit?”





"IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING I SAID..."